

## hotel kisses

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## hotel kisses

by [sydthesciencekidd](#)

### Summary

Karl looks at him exasperatedly, wide eyes and red cheeks as Sapnap laughs at him, one arm moving to open the car door.

"I hate you," Karl huffs out, crossing his arms and glaring at the other.

"Didn't you just try to kiss me?" Sapnap asks rhetorically, stepping out of the car door before turning to face Karl with a pleased expression. "That doesn't seem like hate to me."

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(road trip au! karl and sapnap try to keep their relationship a secret in front of dream and george but it's really hard when they're all cramped together in one car for many, many hours)

### Notes

karlnap nation wya ☺

lol enjoy this fluffy self indulgent masterpiece ... i was kinda in a little writer's block cause i kept starting stories and not liking them but i stuck with this one & i hope it turned out good!!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"I swear to god, Sapnap, if you play that goddamn ass song one more time, I'm going to throw you out of this car." George spits out, arms crossed as he looks out of the window to his left.

Sapnap throws a look to George over his shoulder, smiling menacingly from the passenger seat. "Yeah, you and your toothpick arms."

Karl gasps dramatically from where he's seated in the back, hands eagerly clapping together. "Oh, snap! My boy Sapnap with the roasts!"

Sapnap smiles at him before turning back around, hand outstretched behind him. Karl laughs loudly and high fives the other boy's open palm, turning to his left to see George roll his eyes at them. Karl sticks his tongue out childishly in response, and before George can retaliate, the car starts to fill with music again, the lyrics "I wanna see some ass" booming throughout the confined space.

Karl erupts in a fit of giggles again as George falls back against his seat, arms dropping to his sides.

"This car is a nightmare," he says, barely audible above the noise, "I cant believe it's only been one hour."

"George, come on now," Dream patronizes from the front seat, one hand twisting the knob on the dashboard to lower the music, "at least *try* not to act so bitchy."

It was Dream who had originally proposed that the four of them go on a road trip — a last hoorah as they finished senior year and moved onto university. Each of them had eagerly agreed, even George, and without much preparation at all, they had all jumped into Dream's large SUV and took to the road.

It's only been one hour, and despite George's constant complaints at Sapnap's music taste, Karl has been thoroughly enjoying himself. He tries not to think about the bittersweet aspect of the trip and instead focuses on Sapnap's voice as he roughly sings along to his own playlist.

George scoffs and eyes Dream from the back seat. "Really, Dream? You think I'm acting bitchy?"

Dream shrugs, one hand moving from the steering wheel and onto the rear view mirror, tilting it slightly. "Kinda."

George doesn't respond, just rolls his eyes and looks back out of the window.

Sapnap stops his singing and looks at both of them, eyebrows raising. "Woah, looks like there's trouble in paradise," he says, turning back to address Karl, "couldn't be us, huh?"

Karl leans forward and grins at him, trying to stop himself from kissing the other boy right then and there. "Nope! We're too handsome for that."

Sapnap laughs, one hand coming up to affectionately ruffle Karl's hair. "Too true."

Karl blushes wildly at the small contact, leaning back against his seat to distance himself from his boyfriend. Trying to hide his smile, he brings a hand to cover his face, giggling into his palm. Sapnap definitely notices his newly flustered state, though, smiling at Karl smugly before turning

back in his seat.

"You know, George, if you really hate my music that much, why don't you put on something." Sapnap proposes. George perks up at that, head moving from its placement on the window as he looks at the other boy.

"Really? You're being serious?" George asks, furrowing his eyebrows skeptically.

Although Sapnap is facing forward, Karl can tell he's rolling his eyes. "Uh, yeah? Why else would I offer?"

George huffs as Sapnap unplugs his phone and turns to give him the aux cord. George reaches for it, but it's about a foot too short for him to grab onto, and his phone hangs helplessly from his hands.

"Oh," Sapnap says, frowning slightly, "I mean, we can switch seats, I guess."

Karl's eyes widen at Sapnap's suggestion and how easily he's willing to give up the best seat in the car, the seat he fought so hard to claim. George seems to have a similar reaction, leaning forward in his seat.

"I mean, okay." George says, eyeing Dream with the smallest hint of a smile, probably the happiest he's been the whole time they've been driving. "Dream, pull over."

Karl sees Dream roll his eyes through the rear view mirror. "So bossy," he mumbles grumpily. Nevertheless, he steers the car to the side of the long highway, bringing them to a stop before turning around in his seat.

"Get out, bitches." he says, to which Sapnap rolls his eyes and shoves him while George just gives him a pointed, unamused stare. Dream grins at Karl while both Sapnap and George get out of the car to exchange seats, and Karl laughs again, simply belated at getting to hang out with his favorite people.

In less than a few seconds, Sapnap is entering the back seat from Karl's left, closing the door behind him as he situates himself. Suddenly Karl doesn't know how to hold himself; he's not sure how long he's allowed to stare at the other or how close they're allowed to be.

The thing is, no one knows they're actually dating — not even George and Dream. Overall, it's a pretty new thing, their relationship, and they don't want to make a big deal out of it, not yet at least. They're still trying to work out the kinks and make up for the months and months of pining that had built up.

Despite being friends for so long (and Karl having liked the other for what feels like longer), they only started "dating" about a month ago, when everything had unraveled one night after a football game.

(When Sapnap had stayed the night and Karl had drunk way too much of his parent's alcohol, accidentally confessing things he had never planned on saying out loud. When he had woken up the next day in Sapnap's arms with the biggest headache of his life. When he didn't even mind, because Sapnap had leant down to plant a small kiss on his lips before wishing him a good morning, and his headache was the last thing on his mind.)

Karl smiles at the memory, sneaking a look at Sapnap from the corner of his eye. The urge to embrace the other boy and lean his head on Sapnap's strong shoulder makes his heart go crazy, but he stays in his seat, his right arm firmly balanced on the arm rest.

He's *not* going to ruin this for them. He knew the risks of going on a road trip with the other, knew how hard it would be to be trapped in a confined space for hours on end, not being able to do anything about the butterflies in his stomach.

Sapnap was supposed to stay in the front seat, though, far enough away from him for another couple of hours. It was supposed to be bearable.

But now, Sapnap was just one foot to his left, hands totally in reach to be held, and Karl thinks he'll probably go insane very, very soon.

"You good, Karl?" Sapnap asks, and Karl thinks Sapnap might actually be concerned until he locks eyes with the other, a small yet complacent smile etched on Sapnap's face. Karl once again tries to fight the urge to kiss it off of him.

"Just peachy, actually." Karl barely squeaks out, face turning to the seat in front of him, where George is just starting to plug in his own phone. "I'll be even better once we get some sicko mode beats up in here!"

Dream scoffs, eyes back on the road now that they've started moving again. "Please, as if any of George's music is 'sicko mode'."

George turns sharply on the boy to his left, nudging his shoulder as he smirks lightly. "Oh, yeah, and what do you listen to, huh? Heat Waves?"

Dream huffs, and Karl watches his ears start to turn red. "It's a good song..."

George laughs loudly at that, and despite the fact that he's literally laughing at Dream, Karl watches in amusement as Dream looks over at George, a fond smile slowly overtaking his face.

Before Karl can say anything about the heart eyes currently on display, he feels himself let out a small yawn, suddenly feeling drowsy at the lack of movement over the past hour.

Sleeping would be a pretty good distraction from the boy to his left, he thinks, and with George's soft music playing throughout the car, he's sure it won't be too difficult. He tries resting his head on the window, but it instantly starts to hurt as the bumpy road practically shakes the car, not sparing the side of his head whatsoever.

Bringing a hand to his head, he tries to block the harshness of the window, closing his eyes as he tries to rest. Even that starts to get uncomfortable quickly, and his head starts to hurt from the force of his hand.

He's about to give up on sleeping entirely until a pressure on his foot brings his attention away from the window, and he looks down to see Sapnap's foot nudging against his own.

He smiles and looks up to meet Sapnap's gaze, who is grinning back at him and motioning towards his side, inviting Karl to use his shoulder as a head rest rather than the window. Karl shoots a glance towards the front of the car, where Dream and George have become silent; George quietly bumping his head to the music and Dream watching the road.

He turns back towards Sapnap, eyes wide at the other's proposal. This is what he had been trying to avoid, for heaven's sake.

Sapnap rolls his eyes dramatically and takes out his phone, typing furiously. Less than a few seconds later, Karl's phone buzzes from his hand, a short text from Sapnap illuminating the screen.

*they won't care*

When Karl looks back up at Sapnap, the boy is giving him a secret smile, a smile just for Karl to see, and he motions again for Karl to come closer to him.

And really, how could Karl decline an offer like that? He's already turning red at the prospect of having Sapnap's arms around him, and he slowly detaches himself from the side of the car, thoughts muddled as he scoots closer to the other. Sapnap grins at him, and before Karl can think about it any longer, he softly places his head against the other's shoulder.

Just the contact alone makes Karl let out a breath of relief, the warmth and softness of Sapnap's sweatshirt comforting his sleepy mind. He furrows his head deeper into the crook of Sapnap's neck and smiles, feeling Sapnap chuckle lightly through the vibrations of his chest.

"You're so cute," Sapnap mutters quietly, mouth hovering just above Karl's head. Karl decides he doesn't even care if Dream or George can overhear them, humming contentedly in response.

"You're hot," Karl murmurs, not sure if even Sapnap could hear him through the layers of clothing muffling his voice. If he does, he doesn't say anything, moving one arm around Karl's back to hold him closer. Karl lets out another yawn, already so close to sleep from the gentle contact with Sapnap.

*They won't care*, Karl repeats to himself, eyes closing as he lets himself start to drift to sleep. *Homies cuddle all the time.*

—

"Is Karl still asleep?"

"Yeah, I think so."

Karl finds himself slowly awakening at the mention of his name, not conscious enough to fully understand what's going on. He keeps his head in the crook of Sapnap's neck, eyes still closed as he tries to go back to sleep, still feeling tired.

"You should probably wake him. George should be coming back any minute," the same voice from the front of the car says, and Karl groans quietly in objection.

"Nah, I'll give him a minute and let him rest some more." a voice very close to his left responds with, and Karl's sleep-filled mind hazily registers that it's Sapnap.

Karl hears the person in the front of the car scoff. "You're not just letting him sleep more because you think he's cute, all cuddled up against you?" the nameless voice asks. Dream, Karl thinks.

"Shut up, dickhead," Sapnap says, but he doesn't deny it, and Karl feels himself smile, the tiredness he had previously felt slowly fading away.

"Dude, you are *so* into him, I don't understand how you haven't made a move yet." Dream says, and Karl holds his breath involuntarily, face heating up at Dream's statement.

"Yeah, I could say the same thing to you," Sapnap retorts, a defensive tone taking over his voice, "you're literally in love with George."

Karl hears the sound of a car door opening in front of him, but both boys disregard it. "Sapnap, what is wrong with you?" Dream sputters out.

"So much is wrong with him, Dream, you know this," a new voice says, which Karl recognizes as George, "now get your butts out here so we can eat lunch."

Sapnap sighs, and Karl feels the boy's arm lightly poke into Karl's side.

"Wake up, babes," Sapnap says under his breath, "it's time to eat."

Karl takes his time opening his eyes, trying to pretend like he hadn't been up for a minute or so, simply enjoying the presence of Sapnap and eavesdropping on their conversation. He blinks slowly, moving his face out of Sapnap's chest, looking up at the other with a lazy grin as he slightly stretches his arms.

Sapnap is smiling at him, eyes moving down to his lips, and Karl is vaguely aware that Dream had just gotten out of the car, leaving the two of them alone.

Sapnap seems to notice this too, slowly starting to lean in towards him, but Karl brings a finger to the other's lips, laughing as Sapnap's smile turns to a pout against his pointer finger.

"Not here!" Karl says quickly, shaking his head at the other. "The others are literally right outside."

"Ugh, fine," Sapnap grumbles, leaning back in his seat, "but when we get to the hotel, I'm getting that kiss, got it?"

Karl tilts his head to the side, pretending to consider Sapnap's words. "And what if I said no?" he asks, quirking an eyebrow at the other.

Sapnap takes a second to think about it, eyes moving to the top of the car while he does. Karl didn't expect the other to take his question seriously, but before he can comment on it, Sapnap looks back at Karl, a smirk on his face. The random change in demeanor makes Karl lose his edge, gulping slightly as Sapnap starts to move his face towards him, still smiling tauntingly, until they're only inches away from each other.

Karl feels his face flame up as the other boy looks back down at his lips before meeting his eyes again, smugness prevalent in his gaze.

He stays there for a second, and Karl becomes very tempted to close the distance between the two, eyes moving down to Sapnap's lips. When he looks back up into Sapnap's eyes, he can tell the boy is waiting for him to make the next move, a desperate look on his face that Karl is definitely mirroring. He can't take it anymore — not having kissed the other in what feels like ages — and besides, surely Dream and George wouldn't see them if they were quick enough. A smile slowly forming on Karl's face, he starts to lean in, eyes on Sapnap's lips.

Before he can actually close the distance, Sapnap is leaning back, placing a finger on Karl's lips in a parallel to how Karl did before. "I'd respect your boundaries, of course," he whispers, a teasing smile on his lips as he answers Karl's previous question.

Karl looks at him exasperatedly, wide eyes and red cheeks as Sapnap laughs at him, one arm moving to open the car door.

"I hate you," Karl huffs out, crossing his arms and glaring at the other.

"Didn't you just try to kiss me?" Sapnap asks rhetorically, stepping out of the car door before turning to face Karl with a pleased expression. "That doesn't seem like hate to me."

Karl grumbles lowly, turning his back on the other as he opens the door and hops out of the back

seat. He walks over to where Dream and George are standing, trying to pretend like him and Sapnap weren't just about to make out in the empty car.

"-homophobic chicken! It's homophobic chicken, George!" Dream practically yells, hands waving wildly, and Karl slowly comes to a stop in front of them. Neither of them pay him any attention, though, and he takes the time to let his cheeks return to their normal color.

George raises an eyebrow at him. "Chicken can't be homophobic, Dream."

Dream groans in response, one hand coming up to grab his hair in distraught. "George," he says simply, and Karl can tell he's about to go on one of his rants when Sapnap appears from behind him, hands coming up to pat Dream's shoulders.

"What's the issue here, fellas?" Sapnap asks, eyes moving from Dream to George, and Karl pouts at him, upset when Sapnap's gaze doesn't meet his.

"George thinks Chick-Fil-A is better than Bojangles," Dream says, as if the mere thought of it is disturbing.

Before George can defend himself, Sapnap is fixing him with a look of disgust. "George, what?"

George crosses his arms, head turned up to the side. "What? I'm allowed to have my own opinion."

"I mean it's a wrong opinion, but whatever," Sapnap says, turning his body to face the restaurant they had parked near. "I'm too hungry to argue with you."

"Then let's go eat!" Karl says, finally implementing himself into the conversation. He doesn't wait for a verbal confirmation from any of them, walking past the three of them and towards the small diner they had chosen to eat at.

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Their waiter sits them at a small booth near the back of the restaurant, where the dim lights create a sort of coziness that makes Karl wish he was back in the car, snuggled up against Sapnap. They file into both sides of the booth, Dream and George on one side and Sapnap and Karl on the other.

Karl uses the small space as an excuse to sit closer to Sapnap, their shoulders completely smushed together and their legs practically intertwined. When Sapnap's hand bumps into his as he grabs a menu, Karl pretends the heat in his cheeks is from the low-hanging light at the center of the table rather than the man to his left.

They all take their time looking over the menu, offhandedly commenting on dishes that look good and ones with weirdly themed names. Karl almost bangs his head on the back of the seat from laughing so hard at the restaurant's name for a simple cheeseburger.

"Do you think they have fish and chips?" George asks, eyes squinting down at the menu. Karl shrugs in response, not really thinking too hard about it, while Dream snickers.

"How British," Dream says, not looking up at George, "second page under entrees, dumbass." Karl expects George to riot at Dream's comment, but he simply nods his head and turns the pages of his menu.

Karl is still looking for something to eat when their waiter comes back over to them, a pretty girl with long, blonde hair and an outgoing smile. He smiles at her in return, appreciating her vibrant attitude.

"Hey y'all, I'm your server for today! My name is Jessica, but I mostly go by Jessie." she says happily, eyes moving around to all of them. "Can I get y'all started with any drinks?"

"I'll take a Fanta, if you have it." Dream says, speaking up first. Jessie nods eagerly, pulling out a pen and notepad to jot down his order.

She looks to George next, who simply requests, "A water, please."

After she writes it down quickly, she fixes her gaze across the table and onto Sapnap. Karl notices her demeanor shift as she takes in his appearance, one of her hands coming up to shyly tuck some of her hair behind one of her ears as she smiles at him.

"Um, do you guys have any Coke? Diet, preferably." Sapnap asks, returning her smile. Before she can answer him, he adds on a "please," which makes her giggle a little, one hand moving to her hip.

"Aw, such a cute southern boy with your manners," she says, and although Karl thinks the 'cute' part is a little unnecessary, Sapnap seems to brighten up at the praise. "Unfortunately we don't have any Coke products, will Pepsi do?"

Sapnap sighs, but he nods. "Yeah, Pepsi's fine. Can I take diet Pepsi? Is that a thing?"

Jessie laughs again, and Karl tries not to find that irritable. He gets it, Sapnap is plenty charming, but it's usually Karl on the receiving end of the charm, laughing at every dumb thing that comes out of the other's mouth.

He tries not to let his jealousy get the best of him and ignores the itch to make it noticeable that Sapnap is quite clearly taken.

"Yes, of course, darling!" she says, grinning brightly while writing it down. "One diet Pepsi for you."

Finally she turns away from Sapnap and faces Karl, and he watches in annoyance as she sends one last look towards Sapnap before giving her attention to him.

"And for you?" she asks sweetly, notably not as eager as she was previously.

Karl involuntarily moves his body closer to Sapnap. "Just a water, thanks."

She nods and copies his words down, looking back at all of them when she finishes. "Awesome, guys, I'll be back in a sec!"

She gives one last glance towards Sapnap before waking away, notepad in hand as her long hair sways behind her.

A moment of silence passes before Dream slams a hand on the table, making George jump to his left.

"Sapnap," Dream says, grinning like a madman, "you need to hit that."

Karl's eyes widen at his crude words, but he doesn't say anything, looking to his left at Sapnap's reaction.

His boyfriend is raising an eyebrow at Dream, an incredulous look on his face. "What?"

Dream returns the incredulous look, scoffing. "Dude, she's literally perfect for you. She's pretty *and* she thinks your funny. That doesn't happen often."



George laughs at that, and Karl pretends to as well. Internally, however, he's pouting.

*I'm pretty*, he thinks irritably, moving his head to rest on his propped up hand, *and I think Sapnap is funny*.

"Dream, you're an asshole," Sapnap says, but he doesn't comment on any other part of Dream's statement.

Dream leans back in his seat, one arm outstretched and resting on the back of the seat behind George. "Dude, I'm just looking out for you. George agrees, right?"

George glares at the arm behind him, but he nods nonetheless. "I mean, yeah. It felt like she was flirting with you."

Dream smiles triumphantly, and Sapnap goes a little red at George's comment. Karl pretends to be fascinated with the table cloth.

"She was literally just doing her job," Sapnap says, nudging Karl's shoulder, "right, Karl?"

Karl looks up warily at the contact, eyes moving from Dream and George and back to Sapnap. The latter is fixing him with an expectant look, as if he's waiting for Karl to take his side.

Karl hums, eyes moving back down to the table. "Oh, she was definitely flirting with you."

He doesn't mean for the words to come out so scornfully, but he can't help the jealousy that bites into his tone. Dream and George don't seem to notice, thankfully, as Dream is too busy celebrating over the fact that he's always right, and George is watching him with a small smile.

He looks back up at Sapnap, who meets his eyes with concern. Karl just shrugs helplessly, unsure of how to communicate the ugly feeling in his stomach.

Sapnap frowns at him, taking Karl's hidden hand below the table and holding it, lightly massaging his thumb over Karl's knuckles. Karl feels lighter at the contact, some of the inner anger fading, and he finds himself unable to stop his head from leaning against Sapnap.

Dream and George don't say anything about this either, although Karl watches Dream send Sapnap a pointed look that Karl feels like he might understand.

Their waiter, Jessie, comes back just then, four glasses all perched on one tray. Karl keeps his head on Sapnap's shoulder, but she doesn't seem to think anything of it, merely smiling at him as she places the glass of water in front of him.

"Have you boys figured out what you wanna eat yet?" she asks, talking to all of them yet keeping her eyes on Sapnap.

They all tell her their orders pretty quickly, and Karl tries not to roll his eyes when she takes longer copying down Sapnap's order compared to the others, laughing and commenting on everything he says. He doesn't know if she's intentionally trying to make her feelings obvious, but Karl thinks she could try acting more subtle.

The minute she leaves, Karl detaches his head from Sapnap's side and crosses his arms, staring grumpily at the back of her head.

"I'm gonna use the restroom." George mumbles out, not giving the rest of them time to react as he shuffles out of the booth. Karl watches Dream eye George as he walks across the restaurant, but he

doesn't say anything.

The three of them sit and chat for a couple of minutes while they wait for their food, and Karl tries to forget about the waiter and her incessant flirting. It's a lot easier when she's not around them, and Karl finds himself getting back into the groove of things. He once again remembers that they're on a freaking road trip, and excitement grapples his heart at what the next few days will entail.

"I'm gonna go check on George, I don't know what's taking him so long." Dream says, which Karl thinks is probably for the best. Dream has been looking over at the doors to the restroom every few seconds, and Karl thinks he's probably experiencing withdrawal.

Him and Sapnap nod at Dream's statement, both of them watching as Dream gets out of the booth and walks across the room.

The second he's out of sight, Sapnap turns to him. "Chances on them making out right now?"

Karl snorts and looks out toward the restroom where the door is swinging closed. "Oh, definitely."

They sit in a comfortable silence for a few seconds before Sapnap clears his throat to Karl's left. "You're jealous, aren't you?"

Karl raises an eyebrow and turns to face him. "At what? Dream getting to kiss George?"

Sapnap gives him an unamused stare. "You're an idiot," he says, hand coming up to gently hold Karl's face, "but you're my idiot."

Karl almost smiles at the cheesiness, but he stops himself, removing his head from Sapnap's grasp. "Wouldn't want Jessie overhearing that, hm?" he huffs out, tilting his head away from the other.

Sapnap has the audacity to laugh at his comment, shaking his head as he does so. "So you are jealous then, huh?"

Karl doesn't say anything, shrugging noncommittally.

"Babe, please," Sapnap says, one of his hands moving back to its rightful place on the side of Karl's face, "you know you have nothing to be jealous of, right? Just cause she might be into me, doesn't mean I'm into her."

Karl nods at that, letting Sapnap continue to hold him. "I know, I just don't like her looking at you like that, 's all." he mumbles out, embarrassed at how worked up he's gotten over the whole situation. He pouts up at Sapnap, crossing his arms defiantly. "You're mine."

Sapnap grins at him, leaning down to place a short kiss on his forehead. "So possessive, hm?" he hums softly, words tickling Karl's hair.

Karl blushes at the public display of affection, head dipped down at Sapnap's movement. "You like it."

"I do," Sapnap confesses, leaning back from Karl, "it's nice to know you like me as much as I like you."

Karl's heart flutters at the statement, eyes following Sapnap's as the other boy turns in his seat to face the table. Karl stays where he is, straddling his seat in order to continue facing Sapnap, gulping slightly.

"Nu-uh," he says, "I like you more."

Sapnap turns his head to face him for a brief moment. "Impossible."

Karl bites his lip to stop the large smile that threatens to overtake his entire face, shaking his head in opposition. He doesn't say anything more though, still internally dealing with the new swarm of butterflies that has erupted in his stomach.

"You know," Sapnap continues, turning to face him once more, "if Dream and George are gonna take so long, maybe we can reschedule that hotel kiss to right now."

Karl grins at the idea, memories of earlier today resurfacing into his mind. When he had been so desperate for the others lips that he had wanted to risk it all, and when he was left unsatisfied by Sapnap's pointer finger pushed against his mouth.

"I mean," he says, eyes twinkling in anticipation as he runs his tongue against his bottom lip, "I wouldn't mind."

Sapnap's eyes zero in on the movement, mouth parted.

The only thought in Karl's mind is *finally*, finally he's going to be able to satisfy this simple, small craving that he's been feeling ever since they were first cramped together in Dream's car.

He smiles up at Sapnap, slowly starting to lean in, when suddenly the sound of Dream's voice cuts through the air.

"Hey, we're back."

Karl whips his head toward the sound, a small squeak emitting from his mouth. Sapnap does the same, clearing his throat as he quickly turns away from Karl, one hand coming up to awkwardly scratch his hair. Karl feels his face turn red, but he desperately tries to ignore it.

He thinks they've definitely given themselves away, what with the obvious position they were caught in, until he finally looks at both Dream and George.

Dream looks a bit worse — his hair is a *mess*, wild and tangled as if hands had just been running through it. Additionally, his lips are red, bruised, and darkened in a manner that reminds Karl of his own lips after Sapnap had just kissed the living daylight out of him.

He looks to George next and sees him in an identical state, although he seems to have been able to fix his hair and straighten it out to its usual composition. The only give away is the single strand that's been pushed to the side of his face, and Karl imagines Dream to be the culprit.

Both seem too preoccupied with themselves to even notice the position Karl and Sapnap had just been in, and Karl can't even find himself to be relieved; the whole situation is just too comical. He exchanges a brief look with Sapnap while the other two file into the booth, and he realizes they're both thinking the same thing.

Sapnap looks like he's trying hard not to laugh, but he simply smiles at them instead. "Took you guys long enough."

Dream's eyes widen at that, but George remains collected, a neutral expression on his face. "There was a line."

"Oh, of course." Sapnap responds, nodding seriously, although his large smile directly contradicts

his movement.

The four of them sit in silence for a couple more seconds, the quietness bordering on uncomfortable as it stretches on and on.

"Well," Karl interjects, "the food isn't here yet, but when it is, I think Sapnap should ask for the waitress's number."

Sapnap's smile drops at the comment while Dream's head shoots up in excitement, the previous tension leaving the atmosphere.

"Karl, yes," Dream says, eyes lighting up in excitement. "Yes!"

Sapnap shakes his head at Karl, raising an eyebrow. Karl interprets it as: *I thought you were jealous?*

And to that, he responds with a shrug, closing his eyes momentarily as he does so.

When he looks back at Sapnap, the other is regarding him with a fond, amused smile, and Karl can't help but light up under his gaze, returning his smile with a toothy grin.

He feels Sapnap grab his hand under the table, and their hands are still intertwined when Jessie comes back with their food.

Karl is too distracted by Sapnap's hand on his to notice if she continues flirting with him or not.

—

Finally, there's only five minutes left of their long, long drive.

They're back on the road again, and Sapnap is driving now, with Karl in the front seat sitting next to him. When they had finished lunch, Dream had confessed that he didn't want to drive anymore, and the only person he trusted enough to drive his car other than himself was Sapnap.

(Which, Karl thinks is a little unfair. He's an excellent driver, thank you very much.)

George had offered to keep Dream company in the back seat (shocker) and now the two of them were passed out, with George leaning his head on Dream's shoulder and their knees barely touching. Karl had awed at the sight when he first noticed it, commenting to Sapnap how similar they were to them.

"Yeah, but we're like... the hotter version of them." Sapnap had responded, and well, Karl couldn't disagree.

They've been driving for several hours, and despite how tired Karl has become, he can't force himself to fall asleep. There's something about finally having Sapnap's company all to himself that's just way more enthralling.

The GPS on Karl's phone tells Sapnap to take a right in nine hundred feet, and Karl lets out a small yawn, the darkening sky only adding to his sleepy mood.

"Thanks for keeping me company, Karl." Sapnap says, merging into the right lane as he does so. Karl looks over at him with a grin, nodding happily.

"No problem-o," he responds, bringing up one of his hands to rub at his eyes. "Sleep is for the weak, ya know."

Sapnap snorts. "Yeah, tell that to yourself earlier today when you were conked out on my side."

"Honked out on your side?" Karl asks, feigning innocence. "Who, me?"

Sapnap rolls his eyes and shakes his head, but he's smiling widely. Sapnap is always rolling his eyes around him, Karl notices, but it never feels like the other does it in annoyance. It feels more like a love language in some weird, backwards way.

Karl's insides feel fuzzy at the thought, but he chides himself for thinking about such a simple act so deeply. It's literally a form of expressing annoyance, and Karl sees it as some way of saying "I love you."

His unruly thoughts are stopped by the sound of Sapnap's voice. "Holy shit, I just realized I can openly flirt with you now."

Karl has no idea what he's going on about, but he feels a playful laugh bubbling in his chest. "Oh, yeah?"

Sapnap grins before looking in the rear view mirror quickly, checking behind them. Karl is about to question the motion when the other loudly yells, "Karl Jacobs is really hot!"

Karl's eyes instantly widen and he lets out a loud, wild laugh that matches the volume of Sapnap's previous statement, drowning out the soft music that had been playing. The other turns to look at him briefly, a mischievous look that dares him to respond.

Karl looks back at Dream and George and sees that somehow, miraculously, they're still asleep. He feels another fit of laughter coming on, and he turns back to Sapnap, beaming gleefully.

"Sapnap is even more handsome!" he yells back, words breaking into laughter at the end of his sentence. Sapnap laughs with him, loud and happy, and Karl feels himself tingle all over, butterflies spreading from his stomach to the rest of his body.

Sapnap is opening his mouth to yell again when Karl notices Dream start to stir out of the corner of his eye, and he immediately brings a hand to cover Sapnap's mouth.

Karl watches Dream slowly start to wake, groggily opening his eyes and blinking heavy. He doesn't seem to notice the position George and him are in, instead focusing his eyes on Karl.

"Did you say something?" he asks tiredly, one hand coming up to stifle a yawn.

Karl takes his hand off of Sapnap's mouth, fixing Dream with a grin. "Oh, I just said that we're here, so you might wanna wake up now."

Dream nods at that, another yawn escaping his lips. Karl looks back towards Sapnap and sees the other trying to hold back a smile. He tries to hold back his own, turning back in his seat to stop himself from looking at the other.

They pull into the hotel moments later, just as Dream starts his attempt to wake the sleeping boy next to him. George is reluctant though, groaning out an incoherent response and digging his head further into Dream's side. Karl laughs and hops out of the car, phone in hand.

"I'll go check us in, okay?" he tells Sapnap, the other boy nodding in response.

With that, he makes his way to the front of the building and pushes through the double doors, the cool air conditioning waking him up even more than Sapnap's yelling. He walks over to the man at

the front desk and begins the process of checking them in, receiving two room keys and a wifi password.

A few moments later Sapnap and the others walk through the doors, suitcases and bags in hand. George still looks like he's asleep, barely able to walk without leaning on Dream for support. Sapnap sends him an exhausted smile as he approaches.

He thanks the man he was talking with and turns to face his friends, handing Sapnap the keys and returning his tired smile.

"It's rooms two hundred and thirty-one and two hundred and twelve." Karl tells him, looking down at the luggage in their hands, suddenly noticing that his brown suitcase isn't there. "Did you guys seriously not get my stuff?"

Sapnap sighs. "I already have to carry George's, and Dream has to literally carry George. Our hands are full."

Karl groans at that, opening his palm for Sapnap to place the keys in his hand. The other does, apologizing quietly as he does so, and Karl starts to walk away.

"You guys better wait for me!" he calls out.

"Fuck, no, I need to go to bed," George responds, words coming out in a yawn. Karl rolls his eyes and runs quickly out of the building and towards their car, hoping to be quick enough to catch the elevator with the others.

It takes a moment for him to find the car, though, as he doesn't exactly remember what it looks like — all white cars look the same, what can he say. Once he finally spots it, he unlocks the car and hurriedly takes the suitcase out of the trunk.

He's just starting to leave the parking spot with his suitcase in hand when his phone buzzes in his pocket, a text from Sapnap on his screen.

*we're in room 212 btw*

Karl smiles at his phone, placing it back into his pocket. He can't lie — he's really excited to get Sapnap all to himself, and properly this time. Before, all of the small moments they had shared had been threatened by intrusion, but now, with their own room, they'd be together and undisturbed for the rest of the night.

He picks up his pace at the thought, an extra skip in his step. He's reminded of earlier in the car, when Sapnap had first mentioned the idea of a 'hotel kiss,' and how desperate he had been to skip ahead to now.

He reaches the elevator and jumps inside, fervently pushing the button labeled with the number two. The elevator closes shortly after, and Karl stands there, tapping his foot impatiently.

Less than a minute later the doors are opening again, and Karl steps out, quickly scanning the signs on the walls. He ends up taking a right, reading the numbers on each door in search for number two hundred and twelve.

He finally reaches the room after a minute or so of walking, taking a big, deep breath as he stands in front of it. Smiling to himself, he quickly knocks on the door, excited at the thought of not having to play pretend anymore.

The door opens shortly later, a tired yet happy looking Sapnap on the other side. It looks like he's about to say something, but before he can get any word out, Karl is jumping into his arms, suitcase left behind as his legs hook around the other's waist.

He immediately presses his lips against Sapnap's while the other boy holds his weight, slightly stumbling backwards as he does so. Karl almost laughs at that, but his thoughts have been taken over by the feel of Sapnap's strong arms around him and the taste of his slightly chapped lips.

Sapnap remains frozen against Karl for a few more seconds until he starts to grin into the kiss, one of his hands traveling up to rest in Karl's hair. He slightly turns, twirling Karl in his arms like they had just reunited after a long, treacherous war.

Karl pulls back for air, laughing at Sapnap's movements. The other is looking up at him with pure adoration, and Karl feels like he's floating, all of the built up adrenaline and tension for this one moment seeping out of his body.

"Karl-" Sapnap starts, but Karl shakes his head, shushing the other boy.

"I know, I know, best kiss of your life," he jokes, still panting in Sapnap's grasp.

Sapnap is about to respond when a voice from behind him speaks up. "What the hell?"

Karl's eyes widen and he looks behind Sapnap, where both Dream and George are sitting on the bed. George has his head rested against Dream's shoulder, looking half asleep, but he's smiling.

Dream, on the other hand, looks shocked.

Sapnap turns back to face Karl, a guilty expression on his face. "Yeah, I was gonna tell you, ya know, before you jumped on me..."

Karl's face flames up at that, groaning as he drops his head into Sapnap's chest. The other just pats his back, chuckling softly.

"What are they doing in here? I thought this was our room..." Karl whispers, voice muffled by Sapnap's shoulder.

"We were fighting over who would get this room, since it's closer to the elevator." Sapnap says, placing him back on the ground. "Probably should've texted you that."

Karl just nods meekly at that, still embarrassed over getting caught.

"So, are you gonna explain what the fuck just happened?" Dream interrupts, sounding genuinely baffled.

Karl looks up at Sapnap, who just shrugs in response, not really knowing what to say. Karl finds himself at a loss for words, too.

"They're dating, isn't it obvious?" George says, half mumbled from Dream's side. Karl whips his head in his direction, blinking at him in surprise. "They've been trying to hide it for weeks now, although why they even bother when they're so obvious about it is beyond me."

The nonchalance in his voice makes Karl scoff and cross his arms, disbelief etched on his face. "Oh, you're one to talk about obvious, George. As if you two didn't blatantly make out in the bathrooms today at lunch."

George rolls his eyes at that, although Dream next to him looks like he's about to have an aneurysm, his face reddening. "What the hell?"

George sighs, weakly standing up and stretching out his tiredness. "Well, this has been fun," he says, regarding Karl and Sapnap with a look that says the opposite, "but Dream and I need to go to bed, so please leave."

Karl just watches as George shoo's both of them to the door of the hotel room, pushing them lightly to keep them moving. Suddenly they're both standing outside of the room, and George sends them a sarcastic smile before he slams the door in their face, leaving them alone outside in the empty hallway.

Karl turns to Sapnap, eyeing him with pursed lips. They both stand there in silence for a few seconds, still processing the last few minutes.

They had just been caught red-handed, all wishes of secrecy vanishing in the span of two seconds, their relationship no longer confidential. Although, according to George, it's not like it was ever much of a secret.

"Well," Karl starts, grabbing onto his suitcase, "at least we don't have to hide anymore!"

Sapnap scoffs amusedly, shaking his head at him. "I know I already told you this, but you're an idiot."

Karl pokes his tongue out at him and starts walking down the hallway to their room, leaving Sapnap behind. He turns around once he's a few feet away, smiling slyly at the other. "You're the one who's in love with me!" he shouts.

Sapnap rolls his eyes at that as he begins to follow Karl down the hallway, and Karl tries not to think of that as a confession.

(But it definitely is.)

## End Notes

YEE HAW EVERYONE, HAVE A LOVELY DAY THANKS FOR READING ILY

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